

SEPTEMBER  
by John Updike

The breezes taste  
Of apple peel.  
The air is full  
Of smells to feel-

Ripe fruit, old footballs,  
Drying grass,  
New books and blackboards  
Chalk in class.

The bee, his hive  
Well-honey, hums  
While Mother cuts  
Chrysanthemums.

Like plates washed clean  
With suds, the days  
Are polished with  
A morning haze.



# Give Me a Book

by Myra Cohn Livingston

Give me a book  
and long tall grass.  
There will I look  
as the hours pass

To other places  
I can see;  
To other faces  
strange to me.

In black and white  
they fill my head  
With men and women-  
vanished, dead-

Of hope and fear,  
of wish and need.  
The world stands still.  
I, breathless, read,

And in their history  
I see  
The untold mystery  
of me.



# OCTOBER

by John Updike

The month is amber  
Cold, and brown  
blue ghosts of smoke  
Float through the town,

Great V's of geese  
Honk overhead  
And maples turn  
A fiery red.

Frost bites the lawn.  
The stars are slits  
In a black cat's eye  
Before she spits.

At last, small witches,  
Goblins and hags,  
And pirates armed  
With paper bags,

Their costumes hinged  
On safety pins,  
Go haunt the night  
Of pumpkin grins.



# Halloween

By Harry Behn

Tonight is the night  
When dead leaves fly  
Like witches on the switches  
Across the sky,  
When elf and sprite  
Flit through the night  
On a moony Sheen.

Tonight is the night  
When leaves make a sound  
Like a gnome in his home  
Under the ground,  
When spooks and trolls  
Creep out of holes  
Mossy and green.

Tonight is the night  
When pumpkin stare  
Through sheaves and leaves  
Everywhere,  
When ghouls and ghosts  
And goblin host  
Dance around their queen.  
It's HALLOWEEN!



# NOVEMBER

by John Updike

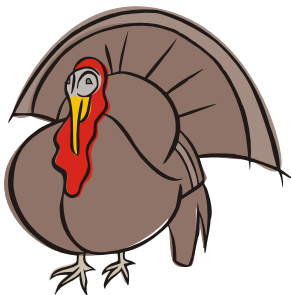
The stripped and shapely  
Maple grieves  
The loss of her  
Departed Leaves.

The ground is hard,  
As hard as stone.  
The year is old,  
The birds are flown.

And yet the world,  
Nevertheless,  
Displays a certain  
Loveliness-

The beauty of  
The bone. Tall God  
Must see our souls  
This way, and nod.

Give thanks: we do,  
Each in his place  
Around the table  
During grace.



# INDIAN CHILDREN

by Annette Wynne

Where we walk to school each day  
Indian children used to play–  
All about our native land,  
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,  
And there were no streets at all,  
Not a church and not a steeple–  
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,  
And at nights bears prowling round–  
What a different place today  
Where we live and work and play!



# JANUARY

by John Updike

The days are short,  
The sun a spark  
Hung thin between  
The dark and dark.

Fast snowy footsteps  
Track the floor,  
And parkas pile up  
Near the door.

The river is  
A frozen place  
held still beneath  
The trees' black lace.

The sky is low.  
The wind is gray.  
The radiator  
Purrs all day.



## MY HOLE

by Dorothy Aldis

I ran outdoors to dig a hole.

I dug it. It is deep.

I need this hole for keeping all

The treasures I must keep.

Like mushrooms.

Or some dried-up worms

An acorn; peach or cherry pit

When nobody's around I hide

Whatever I collect in it.

But, little creatures, if you're cold

When snow and winter blizzards come

Then gopher, chipmunk, mouse or mole-

Just make my hole your home.





# FEBRUARY

by John Updike

The sun rides higher  
Every trip.  
The sidewalk shoes  
Icicles drip.

A snowstorm come,  
And cars are stuck,  
Though road salt flies  
From the old town truck.

The chickadees  
Grow plump on seed  
That Mother pours  
Where they can feed,

And snipping, snipping  
Scissors run  
To cut out hearts  
For everyone.



# STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know  
His house is in the village though;  
he will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

# MARCH

by John Updike

The sun is nervous  
As a kite  
That can't quite keep  
Its own string tight.

Some days are fair,  
And some are raw.  
The timid earth  
Decided to thaw.

Shy budlets peep  
From twigs on trees,  
And robins join  
The chickadees.

Pale crocuses  
Poke through the ground  
Like noses come  
To sniff around.

The mud smells happy  
On our shoes.  
We still wear mittens,  
Which we lose.



# I Asked the Little Boy Who Cannot See

Anonymous

I asked the little boy who cannot see,

‘And what is colour like?’

‘Why green,’ said he,

‘Is like the rustle when the wind blows

though

The forest; running water, that is blue;

And red is like a trumpet sound; and pink

Is like the smell of roses; and I think

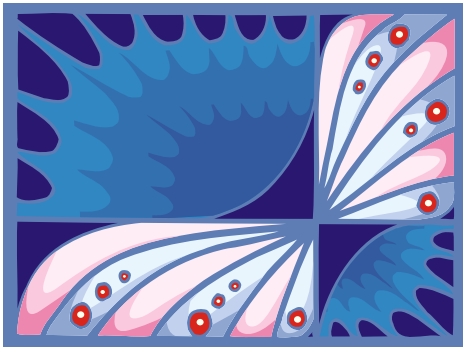
That purple must be like a thunderstorm;

And yellow is like something soft and warm;

And white is a pleasant stillness when

you lie

And dream.



# APRIL

by John Updike

It's spring! Farewell  
To chills and colds!  
The blushing, girlish  
World unfolds

Each flower, leaf,  
And blade of turf-  
Small love-notes sent  
From air to earth.

The sky's a herd  
Of prancing sheep,  
the birds and field  
Abandon sleep,

And jonquils, tulips,  
Daffodils  
Bloom bright upon  
The wide-eyed hills.

All things renew.  
All things begin.  
At church, they bring  
The lilies in.



# UMBRELLAS

by Maxine W. Kumin

It's raining in the city.

I hope it rains for hours

All of the umbrellas

Open up like flowers.

Come look out my window!

Polka dots in lines

Way their stems and tangle,

Tilt to read the signs.

Plaid ones cross at corners,

Striped ones wave about,

It's raining in the city;

The flowers have come out.



# MAY

by John Updike

Now children may  
Go out of doors,  
Without their coats,  
To candy stores.

The apple branches  
And the pear  
May float their blossoms  
Through the air,

And Daddy may  
Get out his hoe  
To plant tomatoes  
In a row,

And, afterwards,  
May lazily  
Look at some baseball  
On TV.



# THE SNAIL

by Jack Prelutsky

The snail doesn't know where he's going  
and he doesn't especially care,  
one place is as good as another  
and here is not better than there.

The snail's unconcerned with direction  
but happily goes on his way  
in search of specifically nothing  
at two or three inches a day.

